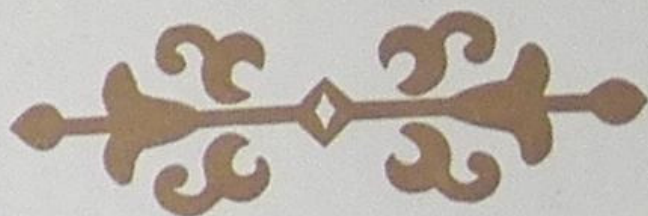


The Frances Shimer Record

February, 1919



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within.....months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.



The Frances Shimer Record

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Hospitality

The dictionary defines hospitality as "the act of receiving or entertaining guests." When in school perhaps we do not often entertain guests very formally, and so we think that we are free from the social obligations that bind us at home; but there are forms of hospitality for which school life offers special opportunity, and which are of special advantage to a school.

One form of hospitality may be shown to the girl who needs cheering up. Every boarding-school girl has a bad case of the "blues" once in a while. She feels as if she must tell her troubles to someone; and the girl who listens to her and comforts her is expressing hospitality.

Girls who have the blues, however, are not the only ones to whom you must be gracious. Perhaps a girl comes in whom you do not care to see at that particular moment. Don't make her feel that she is unwelcome but rather exert yourself to be entertaining until you find yourself growing interested in the conversation. You can no more afford to be inhospitable than the merchant can afford to be discourteous.

All the "old girls" can surely remember the time when they were "new girls." Think of the strange feeling you had—the bit of a choke in your throat and the helpless, frantic feeling of I-wish-I-were-home. When you see a new girl, don't wait to be introduced. Greet her as if you really were glad she had come.

The last suggestion to the one who would be hospitable is this: If you see a strange person on the campus with a lost look on his face, don't let him keep on searching but ask him if you can direct him to a certain place.

Let Frances Shimer stand for a model of hospitality.

Take the Sidewalk

Have you been cutting across the campus and not using the sidewalk? This is the time of year when the ground is soft, and consequently we must be especially careful of our campus. If what little grass we have left now is worn away, it will be hard to get the grounds back to their natural beauty in the spring. Travelers in passing by a school of this kind notice first the beauty of the campus. What would they think of a place with a path cutting this way and one that way? Then use the walk, and spare the grass. Also, if as you see girls going around the wires that have been placed there by people that know best, you would kindly ask them to take the better way, the sidewalk, you would be doing much for the beauty of the campus. Don't you want to help?

The National Organization for Public-Health Nursing

[The following letter has been sent to the *Record* with the request that it be published. The *Record* is glad to put before its readers this matter, which will surely be of interest to them.—THE EDITOR.]

January 23, 1919

To the Editor:

In these times of new opportunity for the reconstruction of our social life the desire is called forth in everyone to contribute strength and talent to the future of the country. It is safe to say that no young woman is following her college work this year without considering for what service she is preparing herself, and for this reason I am venturing to lay before you the demand in reconstruction programs for many more public-health nurses in the hope that you will feel you can present the situation to the students in your college.

Much has been said to you in the last two years concerning the profession of nursing. It is because the emphasis in that profession has been so greatly altered by the war that I take it up again with you.

Several things have combined to bring about the change of which I speak. The democratic ideals for which the war was fought have made it imperative that the opportunity for health, as the basis of other opportunities, be made equal to all people; the dependence of the armies upon the civilian population has emphasized the importance to the nation of the health which means the productive efficiency of every citizen. The work of the nurse in devastated countries and in the cantonment zones here at home has illustrated with new meaning the

possibilities of public-health nursing care, while the army nurse has shown how greatly service can be multiplied when it is organized on a community plan.

It is natural that the outgrowth of this war for democracy should be the public-health nurse, for she stands for the socialization and equal distribution, according to need, of nursing care, and for the maintenance of health by the education of the people rather than merely for the cure of disease.

As a result of these changes there is a demand for public-health nurses which can be met only by the same ready response of women for this national service that they gave to the call to war.

The United States Public Health Service is planning a development of its work which, according to Surgeon General Rupert Blue, will call for at least one nurse in every county.

The Children's Year campaign of the Children's Bureau has shown the need of many more visiting nurses. Miss Lathrop herself declares that if the lives of the mothers and babies are to be saved there must be more specially trained public-health nurses to care for them. The Children's Bureau has, in fact, a bill in Congress which, if passed, will demand large numbers of public-health nurses for maternity and infant work in every state.

Secretary of Labor Wilson stated recently, "Labor's reconstruction program must include a carefully formulated plan for repairing the physical waste and destruction of war by the conservation and renewal of national health. Public-health nurses enter into such a program in many ways, in industrial, visiting, and infant-welfare service. To bring to every worker in our country this skilled care many more public-health nurses must be put to work in the community."

To meet these demands there were at the beginning of the war six thousand public-health nurses in this country, a number that has been decreased by war service. Yet, because the demand expresses a need of the people, a part of the effort toward a more perfect democracy, it must be met. The National Organization for Public-Health Nursing is doing two things to meet it.

To supply the immediate need as rapidly as possible the organization has voted to raise a considerable fund of money for scholarships to be given to nurses leaving military service and to members of Senior classes in hospital training schools, many of whom had pledged themselves to enter war service, to enable them to take postgraduate courses in public-health work and enter at once this new field of national service.

To insure a supply of nurses for the future the National Organization, in co-operation with the National League of Nursing Education, is urging the revision of training courses in hospitals, in order to make room for public-health work and to give credit for preparatory courses taken in colleges and universities.

Public-health nursing is a calling limited in service and influence only by the wisdom that is brought to it. Those who seek to bring health within the reach of all men and women must be prepared to eliminate along the way all the social and industrial evils that threaten life.

But the profession offers as much as it demands. It holds high adventure for those who follow it, often the lure of pioneering. It offers a position of influence in the community, and the opportunity for advancement. So quickly is the recognition of her importance growing in the public mind that the public-health nurse promises soon to become a public official of the state.

It is, in short, a profession for the college-trained woman, and therefore we appeal to college students.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA PHILLIPS CRANDALL

Executive Secretary,

National Organization for Public-Health Nursing

Who Put the Man in Mandalay

CELESTINE DAHMEN, Academy '16

I have a friend who knows a heap;
I go to him with matters deep.
I wished to know, the other day,
Who put the man in Mandalay.
He smiled at me, this friend so wise;
"I know no facts, but can surmise
If there's a man in Mandalay,
Then there's a maid who makes him stay,
And Eastern maids, oh, they are choice,
Of lovely face, and lovely voice,
With silken hair as black as coal
And eyes that penetrate your soul.
If there's a man in Mandalay,
Then there's a maid who makes him stay."
I thanked my friend for all he said;
I then went home and into bed.
But sleep was gone, and peace had flown,
And discontentment's seed was sown.
I lay awake and longed till day
To be the man in Mandalay.

Dormitory Dirls and Doings

MARION E. LE BRON, College Freshman, 1917-'18

I love dirls, and I love dormitories, and, being a dormitory dirl myself, I love doings—dormitory doings in particular. They are so delightfully silly, so charmingly irregular. They are at Frances Shimer, for I *know*; and they are at Minnesota, for I know that too.

Dormitory dirls are a good sort of people. They live for classes and study all day long, and then when evening comes they feel it their duty to live for "uke" concerts and funny songs and spreads and dancing, in order that they may acquire that marvelous balance of spirit conducive to health, happiness, and long life. No, of course we do not play all evening at Minnesota either. We dance after dinner, then indulge in blissful study for an hour or so, and have our spreads and "sings" about nine o'clock. Sometimes we have them much later than nine o'clock, and then, just as at Frances Shimer, we are disturbed by the knock of the considerate proctor. We disband, promising never to do it again (?), just as at Frances Shimer. We are thankful to the dear proctor for sending us home, because, like all dormitory dirls, we love our own rooms best of all. 'Tis there we find all our dearest pleasures awaiting us, the joys of study, of long papers and botany notebooks, the thrills of French conjugations, and the excitement of psychology experiments. We settle down in solid comfort among our pile of books and papers. Such a life! One would imagine that it could contain nothing but happiness. There are, however, many difficult problems to confront the poor little dormitory dirls, so far away from home and mother. I know you will all feel with me when I say that the chief of these problems is that of housekeeping.

Since I have lived in two dormitories during my short lifetime, I feel myself equipped to offer many hintful helps to my less-experienced sister-sufferers. In short, I am going to tell you of some of the things *I* do when *I* am in a dormitory. After washing your handkerchief, do you spread it on the looking-glass to dry, instead of ironing it—as I did? Do you beat your rugs with your tennis racket and crack nuts with the heels of your best dancing-pumps? Well, *I* did. And *I* served my pickles in my pin tray, and passed my cake on a paper-covered tennis racket, and pulled my olive corks with a shoe-buttoner, and that isn't *all* I did. No, the loveliest part of my story remains to be told. Do you realize that one can prepare grapefruit, peel apples, cut cake, or spread jelly by the judicious use of the ever-handly nail file? (I timidly suggest that you launder said article before applying

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it, however). I thought that was all I ever did, but somewhere in a remote corner of my cerebrum I found something which I might add as a concluding motto. It is, "When in need of a shoehorn, use a spoon; when in need of a spoon, use a shoehorn." Now are you ready for the other great problem?

Once your house is "Kept" I know you realize, as I do, that there is the ever-present bother of keeping others out of it. The best way to do this is to develop within yourself the very difficult art of sign-writing. Just a "Busy" sounds so cold and unfriendly that you are likely never to use it at all, even though you are literarily dying to isolate yourself with your adorable history or much-loved English survey. One must endeavor to arouse sympathy, hope, humor or some other pleasant quality in her prospective reader, if she wants her sign to be successful. Even the brief notice, "A Quiz" is more gracefully accepted than a plain busy sign. Everyone knows what quizzes are, and everyone has to do the same thing before them in order to get through them. For a rhetoric student the following notice is offered as one which has seen hard and worthy service on the door of the author. "Life—Just One Long Theme after Another!" And "Très Occupé" may or may not convey the opinion that the occupant is studying French. Probably after you have written your theme, and your roommate has succeeded in conjugating *donner* through all its tenses without taking a single breath, you will both be sufficiently exhausted to need an afternoon nap. "Resting—If You'll Let Us" may insure a through ticket. But if perhaps you are just going to lie down—don't think you'll go to sleep, you know, but then of course you *might*—and you would like to impress upon your would-be visitors that you *want* them if you are awake and do *not* want them if you are asleep, but that you cannot tell which you will be by the time they get to your door, it is a simple matter to transfer all this information to your sign. Just say, "I *think* I'm Asleep. Please Make as Little Noise as Possible Finding Out." During the finals is the time when one really gets quite desperate for effective door signs.

"Halt!

Right-about-Face!

Retreat!"

will work beautifully unless it inspires the little Freshman across the hall to write other military commands all over it. That is what happened to mine. The girls didn't know which they were expected to observe, and so they came in to find out. Finally, toward the end of examination week, when you find your work piling up, and you are

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positively certain that you will flunk if you don't study every single second, pin the following sign on your door and rest in peace: "Positively no admittance. Open house Saturday afternoon."

Measles

THELMA FOX, College '20

Do you remember the day you came down with the measles? Do you remember how the teacher, noticing your languid air and flushed forehead, sent you home? How, in spite of your headache, you felt pride, as you left the schoolroom, at being the object of many a staring gaze, and exultation at the thought of a vacation? When you reached



your gate you shuffled slowly up the walk and climbed the steps painfully—not that you really felt so ill, but you thought you must create an impression, in case your mother was looking from the window at that moment. Without wiping your muddy shoes on the mat before the door—for you had occasion that day to depart from the natural order of affairs—you entered the kitchen, flung your books and cap on the table, and sat down in the nearest chair, with your head resting in your hands. Your mother came rushing in, and you listlessly lifted your head. "Why, Robert!" she cried. "What is the matter? Your face is all broken out! You must go to bed right this minute!" Go to bed! You had not considered that! You had thought that you could enjoy yourself playing around the house for a few days, while everyone else would have to be in school. Or perhaps, if you were sick enough, you thought, you could lie down on the lounge in the front room. But now these hopes were suddenly banished, and with your mother hurrying you upstairs to bed, you were truly miserable. The prospect of long days to follow, in which you must lie still and not even play made you really want to be back in school.

These disheartening reflections continued as you slowly unlaced your shoes and flung them in disgust, one after the other, at the farthest

corner of the room. By the time you had crawled into bed and had had the covers tucked up around your neck and the room darkened, you relapsed into a state of melancholy, your eyes hot and your head dizzy with pain, for you had "come down" hard.

The Experiences of a Selective-Service Registrar

JANET TARRSON, College '19

At seven o'clock on the morning of September 18 I appeared at the local board rooms of the Thirty-fourth Ward, ready to be assigned to a precinct for the purpose of registering men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five for selective service. I was sent to the eighteenth precinct, whose headquarters were a little tailoring shop. I had to wade through the crowd of men which extended far into the street. After much confusion I found the man who was in charge of the precinct and presented my certificate. He made room for me at one of the registration tables and proceeded to give me my instructions.

My first victim was a rather short, stubby man, one of these "oh-I'm-important" personages. Before I had even had the chance to ask a question he blurted out his name in full (his surname and two given names), spelling each as he finished pronouncing it. This proved too much for my ear, all at once, and when I asked him to repeat he was very provoked. Later on I asked by whom he was employed and to this question he replied gruffly, "If you please, I have my own place of business." I don't know how he expected me to know that, but he did. I was happy when I finished with him.

My next was a tall, dark foreigner, and I had a hard time trying to make him understand my questions. When I asked him his age he replied in broken English, "I think I was born either in 1875 or in 1872, but I'm more positive of 1875. Please figure it out." I said, "Well, it will make quite a difference whether you were born in '72 or '75. If you were born in seventy-two you are past forty-five and therefore excluded from the draft." His face beamed, but I went on, "However, I shall register you as born in 1875, and between now and the time you receive your questionnaire you refer to your citizenship papers and get the date of your birth from them." He queried, "Why couldn't I say 1872 on the card? What difference would it make to me? etc. When it came to the signing of his name I found that he could not write, and so I had to sign it for him, he putting his mark beside the signature.

These are some of the questions and answers I received during the day. "Say, do you think they'd take me? I have a wife and five

children to support." When I asked one man whether he lives with his wife he replied, "Yes, I live with her now, but I can't tell how much longer I'll be able to stand her." To this same question another man replied, "Sure, my wife and I are happy together, and why shouldn't we be?" And then he went on to tell me how much he earned a week, and how much out of his wages he gave to his wife. I asked one man whether he had any obvious physical disqualifications, for although I had seen none I wanted to make sure, and he replied, "Yes, a long time ago I fell and broke two of my ribs."

I noted that the majority of the men, when asked the color of their eyes and hair did not know—which goes to show that men are not vain.

I left the precinct that evening at five-thirty with the feeling that my knowledge of human nature had been widened.

News

Ruth Shannon spent Sunday, February 9, at Frances Shimer as the guest of Ethel Eldredge.

Jane Miles and Helen Chapman entertained several of the teachers at tea on Sunday night, February 9.

Dean McKee attended the meetings of the American College Association held in Chicago, January 9-11.

Mrs. Sweatt, the temporary nurse at Frances Shimer during the fall, was the guest of Miss Barstow on February 9.

A new rug, draperies, and chairs in addition to the new grand piano give Miss Schuster's studio a most attractive appearance.

Jeanette Mautner gave a birthday spread in her room on Monday afternoon, January 20. The ten girls who were invited all had a most delightful time.

On Lincoln's Birthday school was dismissed after the seventh period and no gym classes were held. Several of the girls attended a *matinée* in town. They saw Madge Kennedy in *The Service Star*.

Celestine Dahmen, Academy '15, spent a week at Frances Shimer in February. It seemed like old times to see her on the campus again. "Celly" is studying dramatic art in Chicago and living at the Three Arts Club.

Rev. George C. Fetter, pastor of the Baptist Church, member of the board of Trustees, and instructor in sociology, was married on December 31 to Miss Juliette Ames at her home in Riverside, Illinois. *The Record* extends a hearty welcome to Mrs. Fetter.

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Saturday afternoon, February 8, Miss Dunshee's fancy-cooking class gave a very charming tea to a number of people from town and to the members of the faculty. The dining-room in Science Hall was very prettily arranged for the occasion, and Miss Dunshee and the girls were most gracious hostesses.

The exams have come and gone! During the week of January 21 a dismal gloom settled over Frances Shimer, while the girls sat at the long tables in the chapel and poured forth gems of knowledge. The grades came back the second week in February, leaving some of us happy—and the rest not so happy!

Mrs. McKee gave a birthday party for Celestine Dahmen, on February 12, after dinner. There were twelve guests, among them Miss Morrison, Dean McKee, Jeanette Mautner, Louise Featherstone, Ethel Eldredge, Isabel Weisman, Florence Meyrick, Margaret Dubois, Eunice Shannon, and Margaret McKee. Everyone seemed very glad that "Celly" happened to celebrate her birthday at Frances Shimer.

Under Miss Adams' direction setting-up exercises began in earnest at the beginning of the second semester. It requires a courageous heart to dash through these exercises in the chilly morning air. However, the

These "Uppsetting" Exercises. TM SM



promise of a "Skin you love to touch" and a "pinkish" complexion, and the fact that the drill will make us all strong and healthy drew the Academy girls out, one and all, every day at 7:45. Miss Adams makes these exercises short and snappy, and so they really are not very bad.

Hathaway Hall girls are again indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Le Pelley for the addition of the following new books to the Hall library: *The Legacy* (2 vols.), Elbert Hubbard; *First Christmas Tree*, Henry van Dyke; *Speaking of Operations*, Irvin S. Cobb; *Under the Christmas Stars*, *The Second Violin*, *Under the Country Sky*, *The Twenty-fourth of June*, Grace Richmond; *The Lady of the Aroostook*, W. D. Howells; *Prudence of the Parsonage*, Ethel Hueston; *Just David*, Eleanor H. Porter; *A Daughter of the Land*, Gene Stratton-Porter; *A Voice in the Wilderness*, Grace Lutz; *A Pair of Sixes*, Edward Peple; *The Heart of Rachael*, Kathleen Norris.

Dean McKee Discusses School Endowment

In an interview with our reporter regarding the fund which The Northern Baptist Convention is trying to raise in Mount Carroll, Mr. McKee says that he expects that the fifty thousand dollars will be subscribed by March 15. No definite plans have been made so far as to just how the funds to be requested from the Education Society should be spent. As yet no application has been made for any sum, but the board of Trustees will meet soon to make a survey of the probable needs of the school for the next five years and to decide what request, if any, shall be made of the Education Society.

School Activities

Sophomore Academy Class Play

Saturday evening, December 14, the members of the sophomore Academy Class presented their class play in Metcalf Hall. They gave two short plays instead of one this year, in order that all the members of the class might participate. The plays were *The Girls Over Here*, a patriotic play of one act, by Marie Doran, and *Love's Service Flag*, a comedy in two acts, by Hillard Booth.

The play *The Girls Over Here* was filled with patriotic spirit. Each girl seemed well adapted to her part. Vera Laub played the part of old Aunt Kate Davis remarkably well. Faith Reichelt was the faithful Red Cross worker in her cap and apron. Isabel Weisman took the part of the society belle, who was a very popular miss, yet whose fingers were ever nimble with the knitting-needles. Pauline White, Jean Wright, Joyce Gardner, and Mildred Nessley were the ambitious girls of war times, who were taking the places of the men who had gone to war. Lenore Benario took very well the part of the selfish girl of war times.

In the other play, *Love's Service Flag*, Jane Miles and Helen Chapman seemed particularly well fitted for their parts as a society woman and her charming daughter. Gertrude Murdough made a most winning heroine for the two handsome and persistent suitors, Edith Harris and Willa von Oven, Helen Richards, as Fifi D'Anvers, from France, won the sympathy and love from the audience, as she very realistically played her part of French war baby. Miriam Benario made a very amusing maid. Clara Bawden as a widow and Maud Budgett as a spinster, were also very good.

As the curtain fell at the close of the program the audience seemed very much delighted with the sophomores' play.

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The Christmas Party

At three o'clock on Monday afternoon, December 16, all Frances Shimer, with guests from its trustees and the townspeople, gathered in the reception room and parlor of College Hall to enjoy Frances Shimer's annual old-fashioned Christmas celebration. Everyone was dressed in his holiday best; everyone looked happy (as one always does around December 25), and many of us, being new girls at Frances Shimer, were eager to have our first glimpse of an old-fashioned Christmas party.

A hush fell on the company when Katherine Mendenhall slipped forward to give a brief explanation of the significance of the celebration and to extend a hearty welcome to the guests in behalf of the Y.W.C.A., which had charge of the party. Then she announced the approach of the mummers. All of us waited, silent and expectant. Then, faintly at first, but ever more distinct, the strains of a Christmas carol reached our ears. Finally the door opened, and the mummers came marching in slowly in single file. We recognized the eight mummers to be Marie Fischer as King Christmas, Mary Fishburn as the apothecary, Hortense Cowen as King George, Edna Osborn as the jester, and Edith Wallis, Dorothy Wilson, Faith Griffith, and Gail Thomas as waits. Following this was the burning of the Christmas fagot, the significance of which was explained by Esther Williams. Then Pearl Kulp lighted the Christmas candles, one for health, one for wealth, one for wishes unknown. At the end of this charming ceremony, Helene Halloway, carrying a large holly wreath, told the story of the hanging of the wreath and the lighting of the candle, while Mary Fishburn played very softly the well-known "Stille Nacht." On completing her story Helene performed the solemn rite. While the Yule Log was brought in Pauline Luckey sang the "Yule Log Song," after which Miss Brown read a sketch of Irving's about old Christmas. Miss Richey closed the program with Kramer's "Dark and Wondrous Night."

Then, as the wassail bowl was brought in, and the guests were singing the old wassail song, the doors between the reception hall and the ballroom were pushed back, revealing an immense, beautifully decorated Christmas tree in one corner of the room. The guests flocked in and were served with punch and frosted spice cakes that only Katie knows how to bake. Before we fairly had a chance to make an assault upon the punch and cakes Virginia Doschadis, alias Santa Claus, appeared with the proverbial well filled sack and presented each one of us with a stocking filled with popcorn, nuts, and candy. Then

last but not least a huge bundle consisting of numerous paper wrappings, and containing a prize was tossed to a group of girls. The scrambling that ensued to get possession of this bundle evoked much merriment from the onlookers.

Thus the afternoon's activities closed, while the hearts and minds of all who had been present at this quaint celebration were filled with "peace on earth, good will toward men."

A Dietary Exhibit

On January 10 the College cooking class, under the direction of Miss Dunshee, exhibited in the laboratory a day's dietary for a seven-year-old child. In accordance with the recent theories that the necessary proteins of this age should be obtained from eggs and milk, meat was not included in any of the three menus. Attractively arranged for the morning meal was a baked apple, oat meal, buttered toast, and milk. Luncheon included bread and butter, a glass of milk, a baked egg, a mold of jellied peas, and cup custard. Somewhat lighter was the evening meal, consisting of a baked potato, asparagus on toast, bread and butter, and milk. These meals, together with a slice of bread and a glass of milk for a mid-morning lunch, constitute a perfectly balanced ration for the growing child.

College Sophomore Prom

Ever since vacation everyone had looked forward to the College Sophomore Prom, which occurred in College Hall on February 1. The grand march, led by Miss Bertrams, the counselor, and Edna Osborn, the president, began promptly at seven-thirty. The lower floor of College Hall looked most attractive. In the ballroom the lights were covered with yellow and black paper. One corner was partitioned off with pine branches for the orchestra, which was unusually good. Above the greens was a huge moon which came into prominence later in the evening. The programs were very clever and unique. They were yellow and black in the shape of the class pin. There were twelve dances and two extras, the first extra being a moonlight waltz. Delicious punch was served in the dining-room between dances. The girls left at the usual hour, their highest expectations of the Prom more than realized in the altogether delightful time Miss Bertrams and the Sophomores had given them.

Hathaway Hall "At Home"

Hathaway Hall entertained the school most delightfully on February 8, at a Valentine party in the gymnasium. As soon as we all

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arrived in the gym we were given tiny white hearts, on which were written short and sentimental remarks. We were told to form two lines, partners facing, and to exchange verses. In some cases these matched very well, and in others were very amusing. Later came the "elimination dance." Each couple was given a number and told to dance until its number was called off the floor. The last couple was compelled to give a short exhibition. It proved to be Gertrude Murchough and Willa von Oven. We next danced the Virginia Reel and circle two-step. Later in the evening ice-cream and heart-shaped cookies were served. It is rumored that the faculty had a most enjoyable time together in Hathaway parlor during this part of the evening, but the nature of the entertainment remains a deep secret. Before the guests departed each one was presented with a valentine, many of which were very clever and original, and also a potion of supposed oriental concoction, which, taken the following morning, five minutes before awakening, would reveal all past, present, and future mysteries. The residents of Hathaway were very charming hostesses, and we are all indebted to them for a most enjoyable evening.

"Green Stockings"

Green Stockings was given by the Junior class, on Saturday evening, February 15. The name created a great deal of interest several days before the fifteenth.

Everyone was amazed with the splendid acting of those who took part. Too much praise cannot be given Miss Adams, who coached the Juniors, and the class itself. Marion Frost as Celia Faraday, the heroine, and Margaret Dubois, the leading man, took their parts remarkably well, in appearance and manner. Pearl Kulp's portrayal of the character of Celia's father showed real talent. Hila Jalbert, as Aunt Ida, took her part exceptionally well, too.

On the whole the Junior play was a decided success, and it will be an incentive for those whose play is yet to be given.

The Current Events Class

At the opening of the second semester a group of twenty-six organized for the voluntary study of current events. The class meets at ten o'clock on Monday of each week, under the leadership of Mrs. McKee. In the busy routine of school life it is often difficult to find the time for the systematic reading necessary to keep well informed. The purpose of the class is through co-operation to acquaint ourselves with the men and affairs of the day and to stimulate members to think

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out and to express their own opinions. The discussions are informal, and to date the interest has been good and the meetings helpful.

The Wranglers

The Wranglers is the name of the club formed by the Academy Sophomore English Class, which holds its meetings every Saturday in the English room. The president and secretary are elected every three weeks. Helen Richards was the first president and Helen Chapman the first secretary. At the last meeting the club elected a new president, Jane Miles, and a new secretary, Gertrude Murdough. Every week a committee is appointed which plans a program for the following week. Saturday, February 15, Miriam Benario spoke on "National Prohibition," Eleanor Hutchinson gave a report on Current Events, Faith Reichelt told a story, "The Black Cat," and Vera Lamb read a poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

Diversion Club

On January 11, Douglas Fairbanks appeared in *In Again, Out Again*. Everyone enjoyed it immensely, and we hope to have him again.

On January 25, *The Mysterious Miss Terry* was shown in Metcalf Hall, featuring Billie Burke. It was very good, and everyone seemed to like it.

The Diversion Club was supposed to furnish the entertainment for the Saturday night preceding examinations, but as the girls were very busy they voted an open night instead.

Mr. Henriot Lèvy's Piano Recital

The Frances Shimer School has been markedly successful this year in the course of artist attractions it has been able to offer the public. This has been demonstrated by Florence Macbeth's brilliant recital in December, and again Monday evening, January 20, by the appearance of Henriot Lèvy, the Chicago pianist.

This recital brought an artist new to Mount Carroll, but one who left with his audience a most favorable impression. Mr. Lèvy, in a very taxing program, demonstrated by his musicianly work that he was fully equipped for his task, both in technical efficiency and in sound interpretative judgment, preserving at all times a steadiness and power, with a keen sense of coloring indicative of fine musicianship. He opened his program with a dignified reading of the Beethoven "Sonata,"

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opus 109, and followed it with the powerful Bach-Busoni "Chaconne," which gave Mr. Lèvy an opportunity for a display of virtuosity and aroused perhaps as much enthusiasm as anything on his program, for rarely can one hear such a masterly performance of this work. Very interesting too and characteristic was the group of Schumann numbers, in which the pianist gave us many bits of some very brilliant playing, particularly in "Whims" and "Dream Visions," and much tenderness and beauty to tonal coloring in the much-loved "Why" and "At Evening." Mr. Lèvy's own "Nocturne" and "Mazourka" were individual and effective in themselves, as well as affording a suitable contrast for the Chopin "Barcarolle" and "Ballade in G Minor" which closed a program of more than ordinary interest. Besides being a test as to his powers of endurance, the program was well calculated to prove his ability to hold the attention of his audience, in both of which he was most successful, so much so that he was recalled repeatedly and granted many extra numbers.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Our Y.W.C.A. field secretary, Miss Amanda C. Nelson, visited Frances Shimer on January 25 and 26.

On Sunday afternoon she held a "model" cabinet meeting in the Y.W.C.A. rooms in West Hall, where she instructed the various Committee Chairmen in their duties and gave us some new ideas of the work being done in different associations and of what we might do to improve our Y.W.C.A.

She gave an interesting talk at Sunday's evening vespers, telling of the work in foreign fields, and also what the Y.W.C.A. should stand for in our lives and work.

On Monday morning Miss Nelson held conferences with the chairmen of the five chief committees in order that she might find out what had been done and wherein there was need for service.

On Monday afternoon a reception was given in her honor by the faculty and the Y.W.C.A. cabinet members. Everyone was pleased with her charming personality and her earnestness in her great work.

Vesper Notes

The last Sunday night before vacation we had a very beautiful Christmas service. Mrs. McKee led. Slides showing famous paintings which represent scenes from the life of Christ accompanied scripture passages.

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Miss Brown gave us, on the evening of January 19, a splendid reading, "The Maker of Dreams," a beautiful little fantasy telling of the love of Pierrette and Pierrot. All certainly enjoyed the reading.

Miss Nelson, who is a secretary of the Y.W.C.A., spoke to us on the evening of January 26. She told us something of the work the Y.W.C.A. has done during the war, and especially of the great success of the Hostess Houses, both in America and in Europe. We certainly hope to have the privilege of hearing Miss Nelson again.

The Dean led vespers, Sunday January 2. He spoke of the management of the School, and the Baptist Fund for Educational Purposes which is being raised at the present time by the Northern Baptist Convention all over the country. He gave us a very interesting talk on this subject.

Miss Dunshee read "The Toy Shop" at vespers, Sunday, February 9. It is a story which gives us a new viewpoint and a different light upon the character of Lincoln as a hero and as a man. The school enjoyed it very much.

Vespers was led by Miss Wallace on the evening of February 16. She read us a story of Tolstoi's, "Where Love Is, There God Is Also," which is a very good example of the famous Russian's style as a short-story writer. The school thanks Miss Wallace for a very delightful evening.

Chapel

December 14.—Kathryn McFarland read "In Flanders' Fields" and "An Answer."

January 10.—Libbie Phillipson played "Firefly" by Schütt.

January 17.—The Diversion Club had a business meeting at chapel time.

January 31.—The chorus sang "Snow" by Elgar.

February 7.—Celestine Dahmen read several numbers, among them "Bonjour, ma belle" and "There's a Goblin Inside of Me."

February 14.—Mr. Fetter led the chapel exercises.

February 21.—Elsie Smith spoke briefly on the present effect of demobilization upon the labor situation.

Miss Morrison Discusses Possible Improvements in Frances Shimer

Miss Morrison thinks the best thing that could help build up the Frances Shimer School would be a new dormitory. A suitable place for this building would be west of Science Hall. It must be larger than

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the hall the college girls now live in; it must accommodate at least fifty girls. It should have a reading-room about the size of the dining-room now in College Hall, with a fireplace and furniture to make it cozy. Each girl could subscribe for the magazines that she wished to read, so that plenty of reading-material could be on hand of the kind the girls would enjoy most.

The additional fifty girls would call for more teachers and classes. With more girls thrown together it is hoped that a better spirit might be shown among the College girls than we have in our College at the present time. The girls must also have a stronger scholastic pride, as part of their spirit, than they have now. This new hall would be under self-government, as College Hall now is. Miss Morrison hopes, however, that the results might prove better.

The gymnasium work could be made much better, with only a little more equipment. Miss Morrison advises that gym classes be held each period of the day, and that each girl take gym according to her previous training and ability. It would be well to have many outdoor sports the whole year round if possible. She also would like to see a regular, lively athletic association.

Class Notes

College Sophomores

Miss Bertrams entertained the class at supper in the dining-room of College Hall on Sunday evening, January 19. The delightful evening was interrupted by the bell for vespers. We extend our thanks to Miss Bertrams for the enjoyable time we had.

The Sophomores have lost in Helene Holloway, who left Frances Shimer very unexpectedly at the close of last semester, a very ardent worker for the class.

The Play Committee has been appointed, and work on the difficult problem of securing a good class play has already begun.

The Sophomores have begun to take advantage of the privilege of going to the movies. Several movie parties are being planned.

College Freshmen

Admirers of Laurine Rice miss her and her irresistible "tickling of the ivories" almost as much as do the College Freshmen. "Ricie's" good-nature and sportsmanship are poignantly missed by those who knew her well.

Bobby Jones left the Monday following examinations, for her home in Streator, Illinois. "We sho' do miss 'er!"

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Alack and alas! "dere Mable" is no more. Maebelle Wallerstein left our happy home the same day that Bobby left. She went to her home in La Porte, Indiana to get ready to enter the third quarter at the University of Michigan on February 17.

Violet Lewis, a new member of the College Freshman Class, came the Saturday after Thanksgiving from St. Mary's School in Knoxville, Illinois, which was closed because of the lack of help. There is no doubt as to the hearty welcome Violet received.

Harriet Hamilton, a friend of Leona Douns, and from the same home town of Baxter, Iowa, is another new member of our class. She rooms with Leona, filling the vacancy left by Maebelle.

Eunice Shannon, an old Shimerite, has returned to F.S.S. after spending her first semester as a college Freshman at Northwestern University. "There's no place like home," is there, Betty?

It is rather interesting to note that the new House Committee of College Hall elected on Friday evening, January 31, is composed totally of College Freshmen. Wilma Slack is president, Prudence McKinzie vice-president, Blanche Fuller secretary, and Clara Fulscher treasurer.

"Billie" Asmus was a "widow" for a week-end while her roommate "Patsy" Wicher, went home to see her parents and her brother, Captain Wicher, who has recently returned from Europe, after having spent almost a year as a German prisoner of war.

Leah Durkee was called home suddenly on Sunday, February 9, on account of her mother's illness.

Academy Seniors

Dorothy Fullerton, who left Frances Shimer at the beginning of the second semester, is certainly missed by the class.

Saturday afternoon, January 25, Miss Hostetter served tea in her room for the seniors. Tired from our examinations, we enjoyed the lovely half-hour with Miss Hostetter more than we can tell, and left feeling very cheerful and wholly refreshed.

Our Senior pins arrived the day before Christmas vacation. It is a unique and altogether delightful sensation to be wearing a '19 pin.

Nebby took a stroll around the campus one dark night last January, but the cold air seemed to chill him, so he has been kept safely away from the winds ever since.

Academy Juniors

Miss Adams, the Junior Class Counselor, entertained the Junior Class after lunch Sunday evening, February 16, in the College Hall parlor.

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It was indeed a most delightful party, enjoyed by all who were present. The Academy Freshmen helped serve our Frances Shimer favorite "food for the gods." The class president, Virgie Doschadis, served coffee, and Miss Adams was a delightful hostess. After the "eats" had vanished the party divided into groups and chattered gayly. The bell for vespers brought an end to a very successful party.

Miss Elizabeth Dubois, Mrs. G. E. Frost, and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Frost, of Chicago, and Mr. A. Jalbert, of Terre Haute, Indiana, were also present.

Academy Sophomores

The Academy Sophomores have had several new members added to the class.

Mrs. McKee took the Sophomores to the chicken-pie supper at the Baptist Church.

The president of the class, Faith Reichelt, entertained the Sophomores at a spread one Sunday night. Everybody enjoyed herself immensely.

Academy Freshmen

The Academy Freshmen held a brief meeting one evening, the first week in February. A new member entered the class, making a total of thirteen members. Class dues were paid for the month of February, and small class matters were talked over. A spread was discussed, and another meeting will be held soon to decide further arrangements in that direction.

Our Reporter Visits Miss Dahmen

"I came here just eight years ago the twenty-third of January," Miss Dahmen began in telling some of the incidents which made her arrival amusing to the School. She wore her napkin tucked under her chin, so that it wouldn't matter if she spilled things, the first night. And her mother spanked her in the guest room before she left. "On general principles, I suppose," she remarked.

Miss Dahmen said that she had always loved Frances Shimer, and when she went away during vacations could hardly wait to come back. She was a Freshman, Sophomore, Senior, and College Freshman, here. "When I graduated here, I got this ring; its the only one I ever wear."

Then she said gravely, "There is something I want to tell the girls; I thought of it on the train, coming back. I wonder if they realize how much a school like this can mean to a girl if she will stick to it." Miss Dahmen said that she thought sometimes girls got homesick and tired

and felt like running away, but if they only stayed, later they would feel as if they had a right to come back, and as if they were a part of the School. Then, in speaking of remaining for several years in the same school, she said that if you did this you gained a place there which in after-life meant a great deal to you; for if you can gain something in school, you feel as if you should be able to accomplish something in the world, since school is just a miniature world.

"I have definite reasons for caring for this school," Miss Dahmen said. She spoke of its high scholastic standing. The *Literary Digest* once mentioned Frances Shimer as one of the four best girls' preparatory schools in the country. Miss Dahmen said that from her own personal experience she certainly believed this to be true. "The Dean is my second reason. Because the finest institution can be worthless without an equally fine head. And without exaggerating, I consider the Dean the finest man I've ever known." Other reasons given for liking Frances Shimer were the fine spirit of the school, the unusually good grounds and buildings, and last of all the town and its pride in the school. "But the finest thing the school has meant in my life is the feeling it has inspired in me always to want to do and be something worthy of my high respect for it."

Miss Dahmen is now living at the Three Arts Club in Chicago and expects to graduate from the Chicago School of Expression and Dramatic Art next June. "My final aim is the legitimate stage, but it is still very, very far away," Miss Dahmen said at the close of the conversation.

Exchanges

We have missed many of our usual exchanges this year. We know that in some cases editions have been cut down in order to conserve paper; perhaps this is true in many cases. Now that the war is over we hope that we may receive more of our former exchanges. They are always read and enjoyed.

The *Jabberwock*, from the Girls' Latin School of Boston, is always marked by dignity and good taste. Most of the space is given to literary material which is of good quality, but we regret that so little is given to school functions and activities. We feel that we get very little knowledge of the life of the school.

The *Tabula*, from Oak Park, is an excellent high-school paper. The cover on the December number was very effective, and the illustrations all the way through were particularly clever. There is abundance of good material in the paper. We wonder if there are not enough funny

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things that happen in the school so that some of the jokes might be more local in character?

The *Denisonian*, from Granville, Ohio, is a weekly that we enjoy. The editorials are fine. From them and from accounts given of student activities and organizations, we judge that it is an enthusiastic school, full of good spirit.

The *Young Eagle*, from St. Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, is a very well-arranged paper. The many good poems add much to its attractiveness.

Thyme and Lavender, from Drew Seminary, Carmel, New York, is a good addition to our list of exchanges.

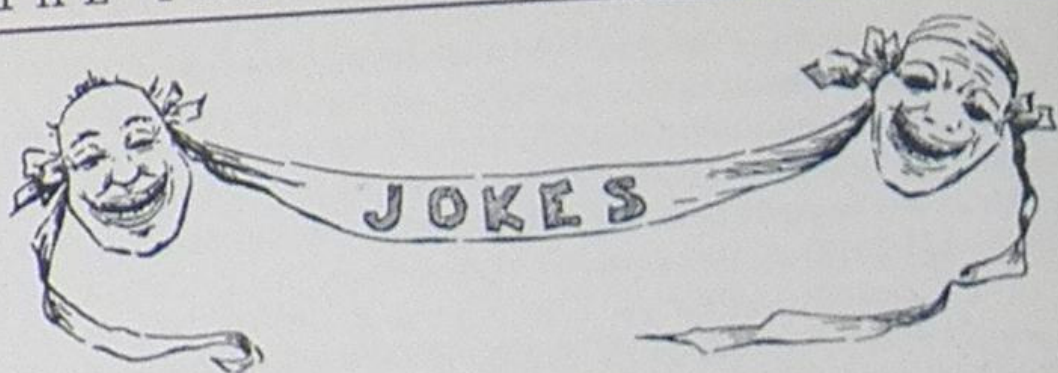
New Trier Echoes, from the New Trier High School, is always read with interest. It is newsy, spirited, and attractive-looking.

The *Picayune* from Minnesota College has artistic headings for its different departments.

The *Ogontz Mosaic* from Rydal, Pennsylvania, shows a good variety of material. It is always interesting to see students try dramatic and verse forms.

Round Table, from Beloit, Wisconsin, is interesting in that it gives an impression of the varied life of the school with very free expression of student opinion.

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Lillian Ware: My roommate's on her ear all the time.

Miss Smith: Where did you say she was?

Pink says she'd like to be able to play for her own amazement.

Mildred Nessley: Janet, are you protractor upstairs now?

A Freshie (after being called down in study hall): I feel just like a wart on the face of the earth.

Leah Durkee: Say, girls, do you have a match? I'm dying for a smoke.

Patsy: Edna's a conundrum isn't she?

Dot Wilson: Association, I suppose.

Patsy: Why?

Dot: Well, she rooms with Grace Riddle, you know.

The Fire 'Scape Tragedy

Two West Hallers, so they say,
On the fire 'scape went to play.
Buzz said, "I'm not heavy enough,"
Out came Pete who thought herself tough.
And down came the ladder with an awful bump,
T'was a sight to make your heart go thump.
Pete's on the cast next Saturday night,
I'll bet she limps just a wee, wee mite!



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Marjorie Graham (singing): "Thou art nothing more to me."

Grace Riddle: Well, Marj, I know the cake's all gone, but it's rather mean of you to sing that to us.

Iva Dodd: Memory is that which tires us.

Effie Morse: Well, you know even rubber tires.

When Hathaway Hall entertained the other night we found that everything was eliminated but Gert and Budge, and that is one case where elimination is an impossibility.

Janet Tarrson (describing a chair): Well, it had flowing arms.

Catherine Mendenhall (to the joke editor): Oh, come on to the staff meeting; they can't play without the joker, you know.

Miss Wallace: What's another word for economy?

Grace Riddle: Jars.

Marjorie Graham: Oh, I can't go! I look like a fright.

Florence Bierring: Like a what?

Marjorie: A fright. What did you think I said? A freight?

Nothing good has come to the Gump family lately, but one of them fell off the fire escape. Hard luck, Min.

We thought that the Ford stories were dead and buried, but here's the last one. When a Ford passes a Ford in Ireland what time is it? Tin past Tin.

Dot Wilson, learning to play a ukelele: Just listen to this, Patsy.

Patsy: Go ahead, I can stand anything once.

Stag 31 Ourr

That's where my 'llowance goes,
To buy K-Katie pies,
I buys her chocolate cakes
And hot buttered rolls, yum, yum, yum,
They're worth a whole lot more,
So let your spirits soar;
Say, girls, that's where my 'llowance goes.

Adlets

Where did Mary Fish?
 Why was Pauline Luckey?
 How much did Wilma Slack?
 Why do they call Grace Riddle?
 What makes Eleanor Swett?
 What does Priscilla Stohr?
 How many pages did Jean Wright?
 Can we call Buzz Weisman?
 Why is Blanche Fuller?
 How much bread can Billie Baker?
 How cold is Jack Frost?
 How far is Jane Miles?
 What dress did Lillian Ware?
 Why did Corinne Bragg?
 What makes Gertrude "Thirsty?"
 Why is Pauline White?
 What name did Betty Foster?
 Who did Edith Harris?
 Of what town is Edith Mayer?

The Scattered Family

Mae Tippet, '17-'18, spent a recent week-end with Pauline Luckey.

Florence Manchester, '18, is an accountant for a business house in Flint, Mich.

Florence Newton Shaffer, '92-'94, died in November at her home in Jerseyville, Ill.

Helen Grossman, '16-'17, is continuing her work in voice at Millikin University in Decatur, Ill.

Catherine Creager, '14, is engaged in reconstruction work in France as a dietitian in a base hospital.

Mary Brigham, '15, continues her study at the Art Institute of Chicago and resides at the Three Arts Club.

Madeline Sloane, College '15, teaches domestic science classes at Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago.

Winifred Inglis, College '16, writes of her pleasure in her work as instructor in French in the high school of La Crosse, Wis.

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Vera Naiden, '17, was obliged to leave the Chicago Normal School of Physical Education and is now attending Drake University.

Julia Cargill, College '16, writes that her husband, who served in France, has been sent with the Army of Occupation to Germany.

Margaret Fisher Turman, '87, writes that her son is "over there," and her daughter in school in their home city, Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Sarah Hostetter, '78, together with her brothers C. L. and A. B. Hostetter, of Duluth, is spending the winter in Orono, Fla.

Alta Sawyer, '09, sends renewal of her *Record* subscription from her home in Shabbona, where she and her brother are engaged in farming.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Hird Stryker (Ruth Baume, '13) announce the birth of a son, Hird Junior, on December 11, 1918, at Evanston, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Thornton (Margaret Morgan, '07) announce the birth of a son, Thomas Morgan, on Saturday, January 25, 1919.

Margaret Van Voorhees, '18, is a patient at the Open Air Camp in Ottawa, Ill., for an infection of the lungs following a severe attack of influenza.

Evelyn Swanson, '16, Dorothea Wales, '14, Joan Crocker, '16-'17, are all members of Gamma Phi Beta at Northwestern University in Evanston.

Mary Miles, '96, is head of Beecher Hall, one of the residences for women at the University of Chicago. Miss Miles is doing graduate work in the University.

Helen Moore, College '18, was a member of the winning Junior hockey team of the University of Illinois, and has since been elected to membership on the "varsity" team.

The *Record* extends sincere sympathy to Jessie Matkin Fisher, '01, and Susie Matkin Gibbs, '06-'08, in the sudden death of their mother at the family home at Indianola, in January.

One of the "Constant readers" of the *Record* is Miss Annie Hurley, of Mount Carroll, a student of the School in seminary days. She has been a subscriber from the beginning of the paper.

Doris Leach Wiggins, '13, is engaged as hospital assistant in Manhattan, Kan., teaching disabled and convalescing soldiers. Her husband, Lieutenant Porter Wiggins, is in service.

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Hazel Mackay, College '15, who has been a teacher in the Mount Carroll public schools since her graduation, was married on January 11, to Mr. Thomas J. Watson, of Freeport, Illinois.

News has just been received of the death from pneumonia of Lucille Allen, '16, at her home in Cleveland, Ohio. The sympathy of her many school friends will go out to Mr. and Mrs. Allen in their sorrow.

Edna Ames, '00, teaches in the high school in Stockton, Cal. She writes that schools there were closed from the middle of October to the first of January. In the meantime she had some interesting experiences as a Red Cross nurse.

Miss Edna Howard, formerly instructor in voice, in the School, is busy with her work in two private schools and in her studio in Cleveland, Ohio. She sends greetings and writes of her continued interest in school friends and associations.

Georgia Dewey Day, '90-'92, writes from her home, Marshall Pass, Sargent, Colo., that, her young daughter Pella dreams of coming next year to the school which her mother attended. Pella is named for her mother's "chum," Pella Parkinson, '92.

Upon the advice of her physician Genevieve Jeffrey, '17, has been obliged to give up her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, for a milder climate. Accompanied by her sister she left recently for California, where they will spend the winter and later will reside in Tucson, Arizona.

The names of Lucy Dell Henry, '16, and Agnes Prentice, '14, were omitted from the list of Frances Shimer graduates in College, printed in the October *Record*. Both are at the University of Chicago. Agnes plans to go into social-service work upon the completion of her course next June.

Vivian Lowery, '14, recently completed the course in the Normal School of Economics at Santa Barbara, Cal., and is at present teaching domestic science in the public schools in Los Angeles. Her family resides in Pasadena. She writes, "I think often of F.S.S. and always with a great deal of joy."

Myrtle Lewis Wheelock, '09, sends greetings to all her school friends from her home in Jerseyville, Ill., and writes of her hopes of visiting the school during the June reunion, of which she always reads with great longings. Mrs. Wheelock has two children, Gwyneth and Truman, ages six and three and one-half years.

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A recent reunion of Frances Shimer girls in California included Hazel Evans Bixby, '08, Pauline Hayward Kreuter, '05, Eva Roberts, '11, Frances Roberts, '11. The group met at the home of Mrs. Bixby in Hollywood. Mrs. Bixby has recently adopted a small son, who proves absorbing of both time and affection.

Sarah Mackay Austin, '02, with her young son was a recent guest at the School. Mrs. Austin has been the guest of her mother, Susan Hostetter Mackay, '80, en route from St. Paul, where she has been residing, to Battle Creek, Mich., where her husband has become sales manager for a large manufacturing company.

In renewing her subscription Mary Gould Brooke, '78-'79, of Eaton, Ohio, writes, "Enclosed find \$1.00 for my *Record* renewal. I trust that you will keep me informed while I 'Keep the home fires burning,' so that I will not be on the delinquent side in the future. Being an editor's daughter I have an abhorrence for delinquents, a legacy left me by my paternal ancestor."

Eva Roberts, College '11, is busy as usual with juvenile protective and Y.M.C.A. in Los Angeles, Cal. Frances Roberts, '11, last year took the home-nursing course offered by the Red Cross in Los Angeles, and her application for service in a government hospital had been accepted, when the declaration of peace made her services unnecessary. She volunteered to nurse during the epidemic of influenza in Los Angeles.

Miss Hobson, formerly lady principal of the School, has sent to Dean McKee a copy of her thesis submitted to the Graduate School of Arts and Literature in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago. The subject of the dissertation is "Educational Legislation and Administration in the State of New York, 1777-1850." Miss Hobson is now principal of the Model School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Vivian Virgin Crawford, '17, writes from her home in Lincoln and says: "My *Record* for December came Saturday. You just can't imagine how much it makes you want to be back where all the things you are reading about are happening. When they mention "Nebby" I can remember as plainly as if it were but yesterday how proud the Seniors of '16-'17 were when they carried it into the dining-room Thanksgiving Day."

An interesting letter has been received from Mrs. Anna Nyland, of Beloit Wis., who was Anna Rhodes, a student of the School in its early

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days, when both the founders, Miss Gregory and Mrs. Shimer, were here. Although almost half a century has elapsed she writes of her pleasant memories of "teachers and pupils, the old arbors, and Echo Rock." Her friend and schoolmate of those days is now Mrs. P. M. Boyer, of Los Angeles.

Gladys White Nebel '13-'14, writes: "My husband was in some of the hardest fighting of the war. He was a lieutenant in the "Lost Battalion" in the Forest of Argonne but came out without a scratch, although he fainted from hunger and fatigue when rescued. They were surrounded by Germans for five days. During this time he never left his machine gun and was without food and drink, except some water which a private brought to him one night in his hat. He has been mentioned to receive the *Croix de Guerre*."

Friends of the school have learned with regret of the recent death of Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberger, at her home in Chicago. Possessing a trained intellect, refined tastes, and exceptional character, she rendered valuable service for many years in the public schools of Chicago both as teacher and principal. Frances Shimer School will gratefully remember both Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberger for the interest manifested in the school by their frequent contribution of well-chosen books, by their gifts of pictures, and by the endowment of the Susan C. Colver Lectures. Many former students will remember Mrs. Rosenberger as Susan E. Colver. Her father was for some time pastor of the Baptist Church in Mount Carroll.

Julia Sword, College '12, in a recent letter gives the following account of her work in Cincinnati, Ohio:

Briefly I am employment and welfare director. We have four hundred and seventy white girls and two hundred and fifty colored girls in our branch factory. I have charge of all employment from private secretaries to scrub ladies, teamsters to office managers. This with the attending record work, supervision of transfers, dismissals, quittals, promotions, increases in wage, and general efficiency keeps me rather well occupied. After a girl is hired and given her instructions, as to shop management, time registering, etc., she is taken to her department and placed in charge of the foreman. Then I see her personally every day for a week in order to watch her progress and general attitude. If she does not make good in one department I seek to find employment for her in some other department. By transferring we are able to keep our girls, gain their confidence, and incidentally, but really the greatest thing, increase production by having co-operation between departments.

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In welfare, or personal service as I call it, we have a dining-room, wonderfully well equipped, in which we serve daily a full meal—soup, choice of meats, potatoes, vegetable, and bread—for ten cents. If you insist upon being greedy, dessert and coffee will cost you two cents extra. On the same floor we have a dispensary where minor ailments and accidents are cared for; we have many needle pricks and burns, so I am getting to be a first-class "first-aid-er." The firm has a library of three hundred volumes, mostly fiction, which has a great circulation, due to the fact that the Cincinnati library is unavailable to the girls who come from across the river in Kentucky, of whom we have perhaps four hundred. We have an embryonic glee club and amateur dramatic club, which has been so active that the firm has provided a stage with footlights and general equipment. A rest room is provided, with quiet games, and the windows are filled with fern baskets and flowers.

I have a very fine assistant who does home visiting, so that we know the home life of our girls and can act in accordance. All data are brought to me and recorded. I am hoping to have a trained nurse added to the force soon, and a recreational director, but as our department is now only three months old I feel much has been accomplished in that time, for at present I have a college-trained assistant and cafeteria manager. Some time—but it is only a vision—I hope for a trained time-study efficiency worker to help the girls still more in their work-a-day life. I also want a colored worker.

Welfare work is not charity—it is not a wonderful thing for a firm to do—it is merely cold-blooded business, and any company gets back dollar for dollar everything it spends on its employees. Satisfied employees are better workers, and better workers give greater productions, and satisfied workers *stay put*, thus reducing the cost of labor turnover—the one bugbear of an employment manager.

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